

Werewolf Catalyst

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Werewolf Catalyst

by Anonymous

Summary

“What the fuck?” Snape wasn’t one for language like that, he’d leave those kinds of remarks to the recently foul-mouthed Avery, but it was said in complete surprise as the snarling, teeth gnashing werewolf was now acting like a touched starved puppy. A furry head had made its way under his right hand as Lupin tried to get him to pet him. Not knowing what else to do, Snape let his fingers comb through the wiry fur.

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When Sirius sends Snape to the Shack, no one could have predicted all that followed.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The Night That Started It All

He should've known it was a trap. He was already on to Lupin. Disappearing every full moon, an uncanny aversion to wolfsbane and silver, a strong sense of smell. He knew he was a werewolf, and like a fool he had been baited into following him while he was going to transform by Sirius Black of all people.

When Snape had gone down into the tunnel he expected to catch Lupin with his pants down, well, in the figurative sense. But he was met with barely dressed Gryffindor who looked absolutely mortified and yelled at him to get out of there. Before Severus could even get out a quick jab or even give the other teen a good glare, Lupin started transforming.

He'd never forget the gruesome pop of bones extending into an unnatural shape and the half-human howls of agony that were let out before he was face to face with a snarling werewolf. Snape had always thought he'd die young. Life wasn't exactly on the up and up for him. If it wasn't Potter and his gang going too far one day (like today) or his father beating him to death, then he'd get tied up with the Death Eater mess that his friends always preached to him about.

Snape may not have been a Gryffindor and on a bad day he could be a bit of a coward, but if he was going to get mauled to death by the inhuman form of one of his enemies, he'd do so with both eyes open and a stiff upper lip. Despite, his brain telling him it was a stupid idea to literally see his death coming, his eyes pried open to see sharp teeth already gnashing.

Forcing down a whimper he fixed his face into a glare. When he met Salazar Slytherin in the afterlife at least he could tell the founder he went down with a look that would make him proud. The beast let out heavy breaths in his face, the dog breath caressing his cheeks was not doing wonders for his dignified last moment. The iridescent eyes of Lupin found his own glassy ones and they stared into each other.

"Come on then you stupid dog! Get it over with!" He yelled. His death had been prolonged enough and if he was going to die, he wasn't going to give the beast the satisfaction of catching him off guard and striking, "Eat me already!" Snape yelped as the cage of teeth came apart and Lupin's jaw opened. His only regret would be never being able to hex his father into oblivion like he dreamt about every night he went to bed with bruises.

What he was expected was a mess of mangled teeth right into his shoulder. Or better yet his neck. At least then he'd be taken out brutally but swiftly and lose blood faster than he felt pain. Instead of all that, he got a wet nose trailing his neck, a soft whine, and a lick on his cheek.

"What the fuck?" Snape wasn't one for language like that, he'd leave those kinds of remarks to the recently foul-mouthed Avery, but it was said in complete surprise as the snarling, teeth gnashing werewolf was now acting like a touched starved puppy. A furry head had made its way under his right hand as Lupin tried to get him to pet him. Not knowing what else to do, Snape let his fingers comb through the wiry fur.

"I know you can't understand me, but aren't you supposed to be a little more than an oversized lapdog?" Everyone knew what werewolves were supposed to be like. Running through the woods killing any wildlife they come across. Creatures only fueled by instinct with no reasoning. And yet here Lupin was trying to lick closer and closer to his mouth.

"No! Bad dog!" Snape scolded pushing his head away. He froze for a moment expected to be bitten or worse, but instead, the creature whined and put his head down in his lap. He moved back

until he was propped on a wall, only for Lupin to throw more of himself onto him in an attempt to make him stay put. Looks like he was spending the night in the shack even if the damn thing fell asleep, his life couldn't get any worse.

"Snape! Snape! Oh Merlin, Snape!" Nevermind.

Bursting through the tunnel came a dishevelled James Potter, who he knew was most likely expecting to see the torn up remains of one Severus Snape. So imagine his surprise when instead he saw a very much alive and unharmed Snape sitting against the wall with a sleepy werewolf in his lap.

Snape looked up, his mask of indifference putting in overtime since he now had to deal with Potter after hours. The bespectacled teen stood before them with his mouth hanging open.

"Snape, you- but Moon- I mean Remus- but he's- how did you-"

"Can you form a coherent thought before opening your mouth. You sound like you are in the middle of having a stroke." At his jab, the Gryffindor closed his mouth and his lips went into a firm line.

"I don't know how you calmed him down, but you need to get out of here," James said walking towards them. As he came within touching range, Lupin's eyes snapped open and he leapt up growling, stopping James in his tracks.

"Looks like you're the one who needs to go, Potter," As much as Snape was enjoying the half betrayed half-frightened look on his tormentors face, he did hope that the other teen wouldn't try and come closer.

Potter then, like he could read Snape's only good intention his way and sought to crush it, took a purposeful step forward and tried to go around the werewolf. Giving him no chances, Lupin's growl deepened as his eye trained on James.

"Hey Moony, it's me, James. Look Snape needs to go. Thanks for not killing him and all. After he's back in the castle I'll come back, okay? So just let me," as James pulled his hand back fast enough for the momentum to pull him to the floor as the werewolf snapped at it. Seeing his challenger vulnerable, Lupin towered over James snarling and ready to strike.

"NO! Bad dog! Lupin heel! Sit! Stay! I don't know just leave him alone!" Snape yelled standing up. James' eyes widened for two reasons. The first one being the fact that Severus Snape was scolding a werewolf like he was training a puppy and the second being that said werewolf responded as such.

Crawling practically on his belly, James watched his lycanthrope friend place his muzzle on Snape's foot. Snape sighed sitting back down but huffed as the werewolf rolled over and whined. He wiggled around with his belly exposed until he realised that the raven haired Slytherin was paying him no mind, instead he tried to get more comfortable against the wall.

"What do you want now? Good job not eating your friend mutt," Snape said patting the beast's muzzle. Letting out a happy yip, a sound James had never heard before from the werewolf, he tried to lick Snape's face. As soon as the wet muscles made contact with a pale cheek, Snape blushed and pushed the head away like it was some uppity dog and not a werewolf.

"I told you not to do that! Go to bed already!" The teen chided wiping his face free from saliva while also glaring at Lupin as he got comfortably repositioned with his head resting in Snape's lap.

“What did you do to him? Is it a potion? A charm? Does it only work on you?” James was firing questions off before he even thought them through. From what Sirius told him Snape had pretty much figured out that Remus was a werewolf on his own and this was meant to scare him even though it was stupid. But now he was here and seeing his once violent friend resting peacefully in the lap of their nemesis.

“Believe it or not I didn’t do anything. He’s just like this,” Snape said crossing his arms. He obviously wasn’t happy about the developments.

“Okay, but did you see him change? Was there something different? Do you have ancient runes or-”

“I saw him change, realised Black sent me here to be eaten by a werewolf, made peace with my death, and then didn’t die. Now I am going to sleep Potter so please do me a favour and either shut up or leave.” Nodding James scooted closer. Seeing no reaction from the lycan and only a raised eyebrow from Snape he moved again. When he was once more within range, Lupin growled causing him to scoot back an inch or two. Pleased with the teen’s distance, the growls subsided and so James stayed put.

By then, Snape had already leaned back and closed his eyes, his chest rising and falling evenly. The tension slowly dissipated from his face as he allowed himself to get some much needed sleep. His pale skin shone in the moonlight and for the first time, James noticed how long his eyelashes were.

Shaking his head, James still couldn’t believe what he was seeing. The first time they’d been with Lupin in the shack, after taking their animagus forms, of course, he tried to eat Peter, eat him, and kill Sirius. But now he turned all obedient lapdog with Snape. With Snivellus of all people! It didn’t sit right with him.

He was glad that Snape wasn’t torn to shreds or turned into a werewolf, but seeing him there, his stomach getting nuzzled by Lupin and his hands gripping onto the werewolf while he slept. James didn’t like that.

Deciding there was nothing he could do, the raven haired teen closed his eyes and allowed himself to fall asleep as well.

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James’ eyes opened slowly as the first bits of sunlight hit his eyes. Not seeing the red and gold canopy he was used to, he quickly sobered up as his mind helpfully supplied him with memories of the night before.

He looked to where his friend was to see that Snape had taken his leave and all that was left Remus covered in his red trimmed cloak. Looks like Snape cared enough to make sure the Gryffindor was warm before he left. For once after a night of transformation, there were no wounds on him, proof that he spent the entire time cuddled up with the Slytherin.

“Hey Moony, wake up,” James said rolling him around. Those green eyes opened only to slits before Remus popped up, almost hitting James in the chin with his head.

“Where’s Severus?!” He yelled looking around for any evidence of him. In his shock, the stag animagus ghosted over the fact that he used Snape’s first name and instead chose to focus on his practically naked friend looking for the Slytherin.

“Do you remember last night?” James asked as he watched the other teen get up and start dressing.

“Of course, I remember! I always do. I didn’t attack him Prongs. It was- I don’t know- just different this time! Usually, it’s like I’m tied up in the back of a carriage or something and can only see what happens but this time I had my wits about me to some extent. No scars, I’m not exhausted,” Seeing as how the prefect was bouncing around while trying to make himself look presentable, he surely had a full night’s rest, “I may not have been in control it was so much better,” Remus replied with a growing smile on his face. His voice was absolutely giddy. He then blushed a bit and looked back at his friend, “Sorry about snapping at you by the way.”

“It’s whatever Moony. I’m more curious as to why you didn’t attack Snape,” James asked looking at him. He expected the obvious answer, “I don’t know” but instead Remus’ blush darkened.

“That doesn’t matter! What matters is that Snape calms the wolf and I need to tell off Sirius for that stupid stunt,” Remus said, his expression darkening. If Snape wasn’t whatever he was, he most definitely would have been killed or bitten, Remus would’ve executed, and Sirius would’ve been expelled. James opened his mouth to agree when a completely different thought hit him.

“Shit. Do you think Snape will say anything? The bastard might expose you! What if he goes straight to the Ministry!” James said pulling both of them out of their rage at their friend’s idiotic actions. Looking at each other they quickly went through the tunnel and left.

Running into the castle they were relieved to see the earliest risers out and about. At least they weren’t too early returning. That however made James wonder how Snape had managed to sneak back in. Climbing up the steps to their tower, they whispered the password to the Fat Lady and entered. Remus’ face had gone back to being angry as they made it to their room door. As the opened it, they found a pacing Sirius and a distressed looking Peter.

“Moony I’m-”

“Save it. I rather hear your apology when I don’t feel like hexing you,” Remus muttered as he grabbed a clean pair of clothes and his bath items, “I’m gonna go take a shower.” With that, he stormed off making sure that even the door felt his rage.

“Did you get Sniv- Snape out in time?” Sirius asked actually looking worried.

James turned to him, trying to look angry but not as pissed off as Remus had been. While he agreed fully with his friend’s anger, he didn’t want to pile up on Sirius, “What you did was so bloody stupid! You could’ve made a murderer out of Remus just to teach Snape a lesson!”

“So he’s fine? You got him out in time?” Sirius pressed on desperate to clear his conscious. James paused not knowing if he should share the developments with Sirius just yet. He was sure Remus wouldn’t care and it’s not like he needed Snape’s permission. But he already didn’t like what happened and he wasn’t keen on repeating it.

“I didn’t have to save Snape. Moony, the wolf...likes him?” James phrased it more as a question when he said it. It still didn’t make sense to him as to how and why the werewolf chose to like Snape instead of attacking him and if Remus knew why he didn’t share.

While the other two looked at him in astonishment, James began changing into a clean uniform.

“Likes him?” Peter echoed from his bed. For a moment James had forgotten he was there.

“Yeah he acted kind of like a regular dog when Snape was there,” he said adjusting his tie before tossing on his robe.

"I also tried to attack James," Remus added from the doorway. His hair was still a little damp, as he claimed drying spells made his hair feel weird.

"You what?" Sirius added with his mouth hanging half open. Forgetting he was in trouble with the green eyed boy he pressed on, "Why would you be nice to Snivellus and attack one of your best mates?" Remus blinked before walking into the room and grabbing his things for class. Without so much as a look at Sirius, he left for breakfast.

"Looks like he's still mad," James said a little sympathetic as the curly haired teen deflated. Peter added his own sympathies as the trio got ready for class and made their way down to the Great Hall. As James entered he already spotted Remus sitting away from their usual spot with a few other prefects. It wasn't the first time Remus had been mad at them and it probably wouldn't be the last. He needed his time away and after a while, he'd be back with them.

Sitting down, James served himself, putting as much food as he cared to eat on his plate. Soon enough his eyes roamed over to the Slytherin table to see Snape sitting down between Rosier and Avery. Across from him was Regulus trying, and failing, to engage him in conversation. As they all talked around him, his nose was still in that book and a quill was in the hand that should have had food in it. No wonder the teen was so thin. Snape looked up and glared, however, it wasn't at him. Following the line of sight, he saw Remus giving the Slytherin a small smile before looking away.

"Right James! James!" Sirius called before playfully punching him in the arm. He turned to his friend with an undignified huh, "What are you even looking at? Evans is on the other side of the table."

James shook his head, "Nothing, just thinking about stuff." Sirius nodded solemnly before returning to his own food and re-entering his argument with Frank Longbottom about Quidditch or something.

His eyes fell back on Snape as the other boy got up. He motioned for Regulus to sit back down as the younger teen got up to follow him. James got up as well, telling Peter to tell Sirius he went to get something from the room and he'd meet them in Potions. As he walked out he passed Remus and brushed a hand on his back to get his attention. Soon enough he was followed.

"What are you doing?" Remus asked once he caught up with him. They walked down the halls until they found Snape waiting outside the Potions classroom still writing in the old book he carried around.

"Snape!" Remus called. If he actually was a dog, his tail would definitely be wagging. He bounded forward stopping short when the Slytherin got into a defensive stance.

"What do you want?" Snape spit out glaring over the top of his book. James knew his wand was concealed behind it, ready to strike them if they drew their own.

"We just wanna make sure you won't go squealing about what happened last night," James said eyeing those pale hands for any sudden movements. Snape could be a tricky bastard when he wanted to.

"I have no interest in exposing your mutt," Remus frowned a bit at the name calling, "Besides knowing Dumbledore he'd sooner try and shut me up than let me tell anyone about what he allows on school grounds. If that's all you wanted then sod off," he ground out, though it sounded more tired than anything.

“Well that’s good,” Remus said taking another step closer. James wanted to reach out and pull him back, but he squashed the weird feeling, “Anyway the-”

“Severus!” The three of them turned to see Regulus Black speed walking down the halls. His neutral expression was replaced with a sneer as he saw the two Gryffindors. His wand was out in a flash as his eyes narrowed dangerously.

“Don’t get ahead of yourself, they were being civil for once. As hard as it is to believe,” Snape said walking towards his housemate. Regulus’ eyes didn’t leave them and neither did his wand until Snape laid his pale hand on the other teen’s and pushed it down. Both Marauders tensed at the ease in which the raven touched the other teen, “Reg, stop.” The frosty expression melted for a second as Snape let a small smile spread across his lips. James huffed, greasy git never smiled at him, “Don’t you have History of Magic? That’s on the other side of the castle. You’ll be late if you don’t go.”

Regulus pouted like a scolded child, “But you told me not to follow you and then they,” he pointed an accusing finger out at the pair, “Followed you. I was concerned. And it’s not like Binns will notice if I’m there or not. He probably doesn’t even know he’s a ghost.” Snape rolled his eyes as Rosier and Avery walked down the hall along with a lot of other students heading to classes.

“Go to class Reg. I’ll be fine Rosier and Avery are here now,” with one last look, the fifth year nodded and walked off nodding to the two older Slytherins that he passed. Rosier and Avery soon flanked him and continued walking as they started their daily argument about who would get to mooch off of Snape’s potion prowess that day and who would be stuck actually trying with Wilkes.

“Well, that was weird. I don’t think I’ve ever seen him look like that, not since the last time he spoke to Lily,” James said turning to Remus. The once happy kid, was now sporting the same pout that was on Black’s face, “Okay, what’s up with you?”

“James, can you keep a secret?”

“Yeah, what is it?”

“I like Snape.”

“You what!” Both teens looked up to see a scandalised Sirius and a wide eyed Peter.

Trouble in Paradise

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Usually, during potions, The Marauders had two camps. One being James and Sirius who would goof around, show off, and tease Snape from the back of the room. The other was Remus and Peter who would actually do the work taking notes, though it would mainly be on Remus' side as Peter wasn't the best academically, in the front. Today, however, the whole room felt the atmosphere shift as James and Remus were together right behind Snape and his partner of the day Wilkes (the Slytherin had gotten tired of Avery and Rosier's arguing and told the leftover to sit with him) and Sirius and Peter were in the back of the room in the typical goof around spot.

"Well, I see everyone has taken to switching up their partners again. No matter," Slughorn said looking over the four changes, "Today we will be brewing the Draught of Living Death. It is a bit complex so you will all partner up and only need to use one cauldron. Whichever group has the best potion," his eyes unconsciously went to Snape, "Will be excused from this week's essay assignment on Everlasting Elixirs." Avery and Rosier had the loudest groans of the class as almost everyone glared at Wilkes. He just got off the weekly assignment guaranteed.

James went to go get their ingredients as Remus readied their station. While there he found himself next to Snape who was next to Peter. The plump boy made it painfully obvious that he was staring right at the Slytherin. Sensing he was being looked at, Snape glared down at the shorter teen through his curtain of hair. It made him, on most occasions, look like something out of a horror book, but at times James found it endearing how he'd hide behind it like he was a shy first year.

He had to admit at that moment it didn't even look greasy. If anything it was pretty dry looking.

"Do you need something, Pettigrew?" Snape snapped. Peter shook his head and looked away. James was sure he heard him squeak.

"He was just distracted by your big nose Snivellus," James quipped back. All because their friend group was on the rocks right now didn't mean he would let Peter treated like that. Snape looked up at him, his hair falling out of his face as he did so. Unlike years ago when they were scraggly little first years and every taunt made him flush, there was no blush adorning his cheeks as he was about to fire back his own quips.

"He should be more distracted by his piss poor grades, but then again Gryffindors aren't renowned for their brains," Snape replied smoothly. It was no secret that Peter wasn't academically gifted and honestly was near the bottom of the school grade wise. Before James could think of another remark, the Slytherin turned on his heel and walked back to his seat.

"Don't know what you see in that piece of work," James hissed as he took his place next to Remus. This whole time, he thought that his friend chose that station because he wanted to be close to the board and pay attention but now he could see that Remus was in the perfect position to sneak glances at Snape's face. From his place behind Snape, James could see Wilkes face pretty well, so he knew Remus could do the same.

"Maybe if you didn't spend the last five years tormenting him you'd know what I know," Remus muttered as he began to add in the infusion of wormwood until their potion began to change colour.

"You make it sound like you guys were actually friends or something," he scoffed as he added a

few grams of powdered asphodel root. The potion turned a very light pink. They both looked at each other and then the instructions. Pink was pink, right? Taking a peek at Snape's cauldron James saw that his potion was already lilac. It hadn't even been an hour and he was almost done.

Realising he wasn't answered, the animagus looked at his friend to see the tips of his ears were pink while his face remained impassive, "Fourth year, Hogsmeade weekend when the full moon was on Thursday and I stayed to recoup. Snape had a bad cold so we ended up staying next to each other for most of the weekend. He wasn't that much of a prat, especially after kicking my arse in chess a few times. He ended up being pretty civil with me after that, but only when you all weren't around. Well until last year," Remus' whispered sadly. Their potion had started to smell like sulphur at that point.

"How long have you, you know," James didn't want to say the actual words, saying those words would make it more real than it already was. While he was okay with Remus liking blokes, there was something...off about him liking Snape. Sure they were both smart and actually liked to read and do homework, but they didn't go together, James thought anyway. But if his friend liked him he could accept it, or at least tolerate it.

"First time on the train, I thought he was pretty," they both blushed at the word choice. James had to admit he wasn't wrong. Big eyes, pouty lips, and long hair that framed a soft, roundish face. James thought they could've been friends until he had to open his big mouth and said he wanted to be in Slytherin, "From there I thought it was just infatuation until *that* weekend. Then I'd go study with him sometimes and we'd even talk about stuff. Never anything past the surface, he didn't trust me enough yet. Then the Lake happened and he hit me with a stinging hex the next time I approached him," Remus' face fell.

"Oh my, it smells a bit putrid in here," Slughorn coughed as he opened the small cruddy window. A disadvantage of being in the dungeons. James looked around to see that the only potion that looked somewhat normal was Lily and Mary's. And even then it was only because it wasn't in danger of bubbling over.

"Well done Mr.Snape. Perfect as always," And Snape's. Of course, Snape's was perfect. The clear liquid with matching vapour was poured into a few vials by Slughorn as he happily told the Slytherin pair that they were excused from the essay. Wilkes grinned widely as he turned to gloat at Avery and Rosier. The pair had green sparks coming from their cauldron.

Wilkes laughed at their predicament before nudging his partner and causing him to look back. Snape's eyes widened almost comically at the state the rest of the class was in, "Rosier," he called getting his housemate's attention. The rest of the class paused as well. The only time Snape spoke up in Potions was to either retort at James and Sirius or give some life saving advice. The last time he had spoken up was to commanded Mary MacDonald to put more eye of newt in her potion unless she wanted it to catch fire and therefore had saved three other stations, "Please put moonstone in your potion," with that he turned back around and started cleaning up.

"Why, that's not one of the ingredients?" The Slytherin asked even though he already pushed his partner towards the ingredients cupboard to get some.

"So it doesn't blow up in your face. After that lower the heat so it solidifies. It's too far gone to be salvaged," at his words everyone else who had green sparks began to do the same.

"And what about us Sevvv, what do you suppose we do?" James asked in a sickeningly sweet tone. He heard Snape growl at the unapproved nickname before he whipped around. His expression soon went from angry to passive as his eyes flickered to their cauldron.

“You’re going to kill someone with a potion like that,” he pointed out. Their potion wasn’t that bad James thought. Sure, it wasn’t the clear liquid that Snape produced but there was nothing wrong with a murky potion.

“W-What’s wrong with it?” Remus’ stuttered out. James cringed at his friend’s nervousness. It was Snape. Unless he was brandishing his wand at you there was no reason to be nervous around him. He could even hear a scoff from Sirius but paid it no mind. Snape grabbed their ladle from his hand without even thinking about it and began stirring it before throwing in more asphodel. The potion then cleared up a little but not as nice as his own was.

“Not enough stirring, ingredients not added in their correct proportions. This would probably stop someone’s heart if they drank it as is, so if you were trying to create a poison then good job,” Snape supplied snidely. It was like he had a potions encyclopedia in his head.

“Oh. Then how many times did you stir it?” Remus asked again perking up a bit at the fact that the object of his affection was talking to him in a way that didn’t include the usual insults.

Before he could get an answer, Wilkes tugged on Snape’s sleeve giving a dirty look to the two Gryffindors. The raven turned to his housemate and sighed when he was presented with an unfinished arithmancy sheet and five galleons. Thin pale fingers pocketed them anyway before grabbing the quill and filling it in.

Remus watched as Snape made quick work of the sheet and received a smile and a clap on the shoulder from Wilkes in return. Like he usually did, Snape brought out the same old potions textbook, opened it, and began writing. Remus knew he must have been inventing a new spell or tweaking a potion seeing as Snape bit his bottom lip every few seconds allowing red marks to grow and fade from the pressure of his teeth on the pink flesh.

He always wondered if they were soft despite the rough treatment Snape gave them. He knew his hair could be, if the greasy git would just listen to him and invest in some shampoo or make a potion or something, it would be for sure. He wanted to gag the day he learned the Slytherin washed his hair with the same soap he used to clean his body. But his lecture about hair care went unlistened to as Snape assured him he was perfectly fine with being plain and having his hair the way it was. The once dry hair was now oily and no doubt would get worse as the day progressed. Potions always made it worse.

“I know you like him and all but this is starting to be weird. How did Peter never notice you doing this?” James muttered failing to pull the prefect from his staring.

“He always had homework to finish,” Remus replied easily without moving his eyes. Snape bit his lip once more, but this time he allowed the plump flesh to slip out slowly from between his teeth. For someone who took an odd sense of pride in being “plain”, Snape was surprisingly provocative, even in his worst moments.

Remus was ashamed to admit the incident at the Lake gave him a bit of a hard on. He wasn’t a sadist by any means but seeing those long pale legs that only appeared in his dreams. Seeing how the wet boxers clung to his form, outlining his assets like the cling wrap his mom used to save food. He nearly cried from the shame when he wanked to the image the day Snape ended whatever truce they had.

He mentally winced at that memory. He knew it was best to give Snape space, he was utterly humiliated and lost his best friend. But after a week of not seeing the pale teen, he felt the withdrawal. He longed for the snappy repartee that Snape could give him. He lived for the small

smug smiles Snape had when he finally realised the “compliment” he was paid was an insult and the silly eye roll he got when he figured that a few of them were genuine.

Using up all that Gryffindor courage that never seemed to be around when James and Sirius were picking on him, he went to Snape’s spot in the back of the library, right next to the Divination books no one seemed to touch. When he couldn’t find him he knew the boy would be in the Astronomy Tower trying to brew in secret. Being foolishly optimistic, the Gryffindor way, he expected to at least have the chance to apologize but before he could even open his mouth he was hit with a stinging hex to the chest. He still didn’t know if it was sloppy aim or a small kindness that it wasn’t to his face.

If only he had the backbone to stand up to his friends. To tell them that what they did was idiotic and needed to stop. To tell them how he truly felt and confess to Severus. He could have saved Snape from humiliation, saved his friendship with Lily. He could have been his hero.

Remus shook his head. It wasn’t time for his weird fantasies where he stood up to his friends, saved Snape from making his mistake, and then got to take him back to his room and pull off his soaking wet-

A loud band ripped him out of his thoughts as he jumped back and almost out of his seat. Like the whipped sod he was his eyes immediately flew to see if the Slytherin that occupied his thoughts was okay. Snape was turned around looking at the back of the room. He simply shook his head before pulling a snickering Wilkes back to look at the charms essay that he was now being paid to revise.

“Mr. Black! Mr. Pettigrew! What the devil did you two do?” Eyes widening, the lycan looked back to see grey soot covering both Sirius and Peter. While the taller of the two rolled his eyes as he shook the powder from his head, Peter already started to babble.

“It had green sparks so we added moonstone like Snape said! But it blew up!” he sounded halfway to tears and judging by Sirius rubbing his eyes, he’d at least have an excuse if he cried.

Slughorn sighed before waving his wand and cleaning them up, “It would do you well to listen to all of Mr.Snape’s instructions next time. Five points from Gryffindor but I think the eye stinging should be punishment enough so no detention. Do clean up your station.” Sirius glared at the professor and then at Avery and Rosier whom were still laughing.

Before he could set those eyes on him, Remus turned around and started cleaning is own station, the first half of double potions would be over soon anyway. Maybe he could try chatting with Snape during the break, he seemed more susceptible to conversation. The near deafening bong of the Hogwarts’ bell alerted them that it was finally time for their ten minute break.

“Sna-”

“Sev!” Remus bristled at the voice behind him.

“Looks like your husband is here,” Wilkes sniggered to the sighing raven. The sixth year closed his book and put it in his cloak like he usually did before standing up. Even though he was very aware that his stomach would burn with jealousy, the lycan turned around like most of the class had to see Regulus Black at the door of their classroom.

Remus didn’t like him for what he wanted to believe were many reasons but really only boiled down to jealousy. Whereas he’d be frozen in fear after barging into a class of older students and having everyone including the professor looking at him like he’d grown another head, Black

looked calm and collected. Suave even. His eyes weren't fluttering about trying to avoid eye contact with anyone but instead focused right on Snape.

"Why are you here?" Sirius glowered.

The (perfect, stupidly perfect, who even had teeth like that) smile fell from Regulus' (stupid) face as he formed a glare to match his older brother's, "That doesn't concern you. Fuck off," he hissed. In recent weeks things had become much worse between the two, especially after Sirius' disownment.

"Language," Snape muttered passing the teen and walking out of the room.

"Don't be upsetting the wife now Black. We still need him to cook dinner tonight," Rosier cooed mockingly causing the younger Black to roll his eyes. A whistle from Avery made him huff and leave the room as well.

"You're going to snap your quill in half if you don't calm down," James supplied from beside him, "Wanna help me with this transfiguration essay to get your mind off of it?" Remus rolled his eyes.

"Sev, don't mind their comments! You're not my wife or anything. I mean you're a man!" Regulus said trying to smooth it all over. Snape gave no kind of response as he stopped walking and turned to his housemate.

"What do you need Regulus? I was busy," he crossed his arms feeling his book dig into his sternum as he did so. He could feel the breakthrough coming for the formula he had been working on. But he was still missing some information about lycanthropy. Maybe if he asked Lupin- No. He couldn't know what he was up to.

He didn't really care for Lupin per se or his affliction but he always wanted to be a great potions master and if he could cure, or at least ease, lycanthropy he could get his name in the books for sure. He already knew the main component needed to be Wolfsbane but he was still shaky on the rest of the ingredients. Not to mention if he was going to try this, he needed a good supply of ingredients. He wasn't keen on digging into his savings since he was dead set on moving out right after he graduated but if he created the potion he could probably get funding for an apprenticeship anyway.

"You can afford to not be nose deep in a potions book for a few minutes, at least for your favourite junior right?" Regulus said with a smirk. Snape knew, it wasn't like it was a huge secret, that the fifth year harboured affections for him. Even if the boy didn't make it obvious himself (which he did), his housemates surly did as their usually jokes about Regulus' clinginess changed last year from Snape being his mummy to being his wife.

To save them both from having to confront that mess, Snape played the romantically dense fool. As long as he pretended to not get the deeper meaning and the wide eyed kid before him was too scared to confess, then they'd be fine.

It wasn't like there was anything wrong with Regulus, anything wrong with him that was his fault anyway. His first flaw was his likeness to his brother. As much as Snape tried he couldn't look at the younger without seeing his tormentor's face as well. The second reason would have to be that he still saw him as a snot nosed firstie instead of the growing teen.

When Regulus had first come to Hogwarts he looked up to, like most did, their Headboy, Lucius Malfoy. Lucius' words carried weight and he chose often to praise Snape for his smarts despite him

only being a second year. While most (his roommates) took that as an opportunity to mooch off his brain in exchange for extending their Slytherin fraternity (and parents money) his way, Regulus idolised him. It soon became commonplace to see him with the first year trailing after him.

He saw it as a minor annoyance, but nevertheless, he allowed the kid to be clingy. His only brother was in their rival house and his cousin, Narcissa, was a bit distant with him due to being busy with her OWLs and all her free time being taken up by Lucius. He never had anyone but Lily and he knew how hard it was to be alone. So he allowed it.

He wasn't expecting for those shining eyes to go from watching his hands while he worked to taking peaks at his backside. But after hearing Mulciber get on Black's case for being "too bloody obvious and frankly creepy" he knew the feelings of adoration had changed to romantic affection.

"I wanted to see you. We didn't finish our conversation from earlier," Snape raised an eyebrow, "The one at breakfast. Were you even listening to me?" Regulus pouted, his cheeks puffed out round.

"I told you I was busy. Do remind me of what you were discussing."

"Where you were last night. I saw you sneak out and I thought you were going to work on your potions in the Astronomy Tower again. I went to bring you a blanket cause last time you fell asleep there and caught a cold but you weren't there. Where'd you go?" He stepped more into Snape's personal bubble, something that for some reason he was allowed to do.

"Doesn't matter," he replied dryly, "I don't need a keeper, Black." He knew the younger hated being called his last name by him but he needed to establish some distance.

Looking a little crestfallen, Regulus' face quickly reset with his lips forming a firm line as his eyes brimmed with determination, "No. You don't get to shove me off like that. I'm not like Rosier or Avery. I actually care about you, you know. I don't like you hiding stuff from me." A warm hand was placed on his arm.

Snape took a step back making it fall away, "Nothing happened. Stop worrying for nothing. Now get to class or you'll be late," with that he turned on his heel and started walking back to class. From behind him, he heard the fifth year tell him that their conversation wasn't over, but knowing Regulus, he'd give up if given the silent treatment.

Before he walked into the room his gut told him to wait. There was no doubt in his mind that as soon as he walked in Black would attempt something for speaking to his little brother. He probably didn't even care that he almost got someone killed last night. Getting his wand out he hid it in his sleeve, ready to deflect whatever stupid hex, jinx, or curse was headed his way.

As he walked in it was as time slowed, out of the corner of his eye he saw Black stand, his arm moving. He thought his motion would be covered by the portly teen beside him and to give him some credit it was. But after years of torment, Snape was forced to be more vigilant.

His wand slid into his hand and he pointed it in Pettigrew's direction and whispered the spell for the hover charm. As Black rose to full height, Peter's body rose up as well and caught the hex. Not even caring to look back at the mess, the Slytherin waltz back to his seat and sat down. He heard a 'ribbit' and hoped for the worst.

"Mr.Black! 30 points from Gryffindor for that stunt! Take Mr.Pettigrew to the infirmary this instant so he can get his head returned to normal." So it had been that dumb frog-face hex. Rolling his eyes at the childishness, he got out his notebook and prepared to take more notes. Merlin

knows he needed to now that Avery and Rosier would demand help on their essays.

“Hey, Snape,” choosing to ignore the voice of the prefect behind him, he looked down and continued to do his work, writing down Slughorn’s notes as well as make his own in the margins. For the life of him, he couldn’t figure out why the lycan wanted his attention still. He agreed not to share his dark secret and not to peep a word to Dumbledore about Black’s actions. He would think they’d leave him for at least a week just to make sure he wouldn’t squeal.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! If you liked it leave a kudos and a comment!

Thank you as well for all the comment son the last chapter, I'll try to respond to them personally this time.

The Road Ahead

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

There were not many silent moments between the Marauders. Ever since the day they met on the train, there had always been jokes, laughs, and banter. Even in their sleep, they managed to make noise with their tossing and turning from never really expelling all their daily energy. But now someone could drop a quill in their room and the sound of the feather touching the floor would be the loudest thing.

Remus sat next to James on his bed while Sirius sat next to Peter on his. The short teen's head had returned to normal but a few greenish-yellow warts still remained. They had finished their lunch extremely early all knowing that they had to talk out the rising problems in their friendship before James and Sirius had to head out to Quidditch practice. Last time they had a row, the captain locked them in the equipment shed until they talked it out due to their lack of cooperation on the pitch.

"Guess I'll start since we're all here twiddling our thumbs," Sirius made no reservations in showing his foul mood. Remus thought he had no right to really be in one but here they were, "I'm sorry for sending Snape down there. I didn't think before acting and could've fucked up all of our lives."

"I forgive you," the prefect said. He was still mad. It's not every day one of your best friends sets you up to be a murderer, but he knew acting mad wasn't going to fix anything between them. Silence overtook the room again as no one knew how to approach the big nosed elephant in the room. The way Sirius had looked at him when he heard his secret made him feel so small. It was like the time he divulged to a childhood playmate that he was a werewolf, just to watch the disgust spread on their face.

Peter had looked scared. Like Remus asked him to spend the full moon out of his animagus form. He figured that had less to do with his crush on Snape and a lot more to do with the impending fallout of their friend group due to the gravity of the situation. Peter wasn't always the most fun to be around and if they all stopped hanging out and reminding each other to include him, he was probably scared none of them would choose to be by his side anymore. That wasn't true of course, they would never abandon him like that, Peter was a dear friend.

"So," James started. Remus mentally sighed, leave it up to Prongs to make it as awkward as possible, "Moony, is there something you'd like to say," he said leaning forward as to lead him into speaking.

"I like Severus," he declared. He didn't mean to use the Slytherin's first name considering the teen himself bristled when he did. But he didn't think of that, "I don't care if you don't like it nor accept it. Those are my feelings." He knew none of them had a problem with him liking blokes. When they jokingly asked if he had any other secrets third year after finding out about his monthly issue, he had come out to them. They'd all taken it in stride with Sirius even saying he was bi-curious himself.

"But of all people, Snape? Fucking Snivellus? When did that even happen? We've been picking on him since day one?" Sirius was standing now as he yelled. He was always bad at containing his emotions, especially when upset. Remus understood, he really did, but that didn't make him any less pissed off.

“No, *you* picked on him! I never raised a word or wand against him!”

“Well, you never stopped us!”

“How was I supposed to! If you hadn’t noticed I didn’t have any friends! I am a werewolf Sirius, the last thing I wanted to do was lose the only people who wanted to be my friends despite my illness. So I never said anything, it wasn’t like it went beyond stupid hexes and some name calling but then-” he could feel himself start choking up. He hated fighting with his friends and even more exposing his insecurities. He was a prefect for crying out loud but was too much of a coward to stop his friends from tormenting the person he liked.

“Then the lake happened,” Sirius finished. The anger had faded from his face as he watched his friend wipe away the tears collecting in his eyes, “I mean it wasn’t like you guys had anything going on right?”

“We had a truce of sorts. He tolerated me when you guys weren’t around. Don’t you remember all those times I needed to study in the library alone for a few hours during fourth and fifth year,” he said as he slowed his breathing.

“So what you’re saying is we fucked up your love life? Why didn’t you say anything earlier?” Sirius groaned before flopping back onto the bed. Remus wasn’t sure if it was frustration at his crush or at himself but Sirius looked like he was tearing himself apart.

“How could I? We all just met on the train and he declared himself a future Slytherin. I didn’t know what to do other than stand on the side,” at his words Sirius’ eyes widened. Those grey eyes looked into him until he couldn’t take it. He looked to Peter instead to see him looking at the floor and biting his lip.

“The tra- since first year? You liked Snape since first year and never said a word? Merlin Remus,” the prefect swallowed. His friend rarely used their real names these days, “So is it too late?”

“What?” James said looking at him.

“Is it too late. For Snape to forgive him.”

“Wait. So you’re just going to accept it? Like that?” The lycan asked as he put his hands on his hips. As much as Sirius liked to believe he was nothing like his family he was just as attached to his prejudices and opinions and was not a fan of changing them.

“You already said I didn’t have a choice but to right? And you’re my friend, even if I think your crush is terribly misguided, I want you to be happy. So is it too late?” Sirius said with a small smile. For how much of a troublesome prat the Gryffindor could be he was always nice to him, the bond of the outcast as he called it.

“I don’t know. I want him to spend the next full moon with me but I don’t know how to ask,” he said sighing. He knew he had to take it slow, Snape probably was only being civil because they were and he’d soon ignore him again or worse.

“Moony?” Peter finally spoke up and called all their attention to him, “Do you think Snape calms the wolf because you like him? Like he’s,” Peter’s face slowly grew more red which clashed violently with the warts that remained on his face, “like he’s a potential mate or something.”

“That doesn’t make any sense. We’re his best mates and he’d probably attack us if we weren’t animagi,” James said, his face contorting in confusion.

“Not that kind of mate Prongs,” Sirius said shaking his head like a parent whose kid thought five came after three, “Moony doesn’t attack us because we’re pack now. But what Wormtail means that Sniv- Snape calms the wolf because Moony wants to shag him.”

“I do not want to shag Snape!” He did, he really did. He had many, many dreams about it, especially leading up to the full moon but he refused to tell any of that to his friends.

“Oh come off it mate. You’re a healthy sixteen year old, I’d be more concerned if you didn’t want to do him,” the brunet rolled his eyes as Remus flushed.

“Wait so in your wolf form you want to-”

“ENOUGH!” He yelled silencing them, “We are not discussing my nonexistent sex life with Severus.”

“Merlin’s balls you already calling him by his first name. You’re whipped aren’t ya,” Sirius teased. It was like he wasn’t even objected to the idea anymore, “So, Operation Seduce the Snake is a go?”

“Pardon?” Remus yelled. His mouth fell open as Sirius’ smirk grew wider, “I already hate this idea.”

“You haven’t even heard it yet Moony it could be good. Name’s catchy too, right Wormtail?” Peter nodded at James’ words causing the lycan to groan before getting comfortable on the mattress.

“Okay, so in short, Snape hates us. Probably me the most, then Prongs, then Wormtail, then you. So, in order for him to forgive you, we’re gonna be nice to him,” Sirius exclaimed like it was the easiest thing in the world, “If Prongs and I are nice to him then he’ll think you made us and he’ll be your friend again. Then you work that bookworm magic on him and before you know it you’ll have your own cuddly little boyfriend.”

“That sounds like a horrible plan. Knowing Severus he’ll think it’s a trap. Especially if you and James start being nice out of nowhere. I don’t want to scare him.”

“Snape may be a stubborn little git, but no one is immune to Gryffindor charm,” James said with a wink. Remus knew somehow he was going to regret this.

“So, tomorrow we begin. This may be the hardest thing we’ve ever had to pull off,” Sirius said, “But we wouldn’t be the bloody Marauders if we didn’t!”

“Okay, talk.” Sirius looked up from his broom after the last curve to put a B in it. He finally learnt the right spell to engrave it and wasn’t taking chances on messing up his Nimbus 1500. He saw James’ inquisitive stare and cocked his head to the side. He wasn’t really sure what his friend meant.

“Um, I think we’re gonna win the cup this year?” He didn’t really know what to say so he said the first thing he thought of.

“No. I mean why are you okay with Moony liking Snape all of a sudden? Just this morning you tried to hex him and when you overheard it you looked ready to strangle someone. Why the sudden change of heart?” James asked as they stopped walking. Sirius would have rubbed his neck, but he still have wood shavings and dirt from practice (why they had to do ground drills in a flying sport he’d never know).

“‘Cause he’s my friend,” James raised one eyebrow, “Look, one time Moony told me that he was afraid no one would ever love him. Not like friends, but you know romantically. When he was a kid he had some friend that he had a kiddy crush on and he ended up letting it slip to them what he was and they abandoned him. He never had friends from then until he came here and met us let alone a boyfriend. Snape already knows and isn’t putt off by it and Remus likes him so you know. This is his chance to have someone. I can’t let my dislike of Snape ruin that. You see how happy he is when he talks about him. He’d kiss a hippogriff on the beak if it meant getting to be near him again.”

James smiled warmly at him before clapping him on the shoulder, “No joke, that was probably the most heartfelt thing I’ve ever heard. You can be such a sap when you want to,” he shrugged the chaser off playfully as they continued walking back to the castle. As the walked up the familiar path back to the castle, they stopped as the bat like form of Severus Snape caught their eyes.

“So, wanna start the plan now?” Sirius asked as his eyes landed on the same form. Snape had a basket in his hand, no doubt sneaking off to the Forbidden Forest to get more ingredients for whatever potion he wanted to make.

“We can’t just go up to him. He’ll be on guard. Look at him he’s already clocked us,” James noted. The slow measured gait that Snape usually walked with was noticeably faster as he hurried away from them, “Maybe we should let Moony make the first move on him. It’d probably-”

Before the brunet could finish the Black family outcast (well one of them anyway) thrust his broom into his friend’s arms and went bounding after the Slytherin.

Sirius had to admit it, despite being made of bones and having the complexion of an anaemic vampire, Snape could run. All those years he spent running from them could probably get him a place on one of those muggle track teams. Looking around, the animagus frowned. He had no idea where he was. For all their fun in the forest on full moons, he usually let his nose lead him around and not his eyes. Without his heightened olfactory senses, everything looked pretty identical.

“What do you want Black?” he heard the familiar monotone of Snape but couldn’t see him. Figures he could make his way around the forest with ease considering the number of times he came in to get some weird plant.

“Well a way back to the castle for one, but primarily to talk to you,” he finished with his trademark grin. The same one that made girls want him and guys want to be him. No one could see it and not be overcome with the desire to talk to him.

“Piss off.”

Except for Snape.

“I can always just tell-” He stopped himself from talking. His goal was to get Snape to like him, threatening to tattle on him to a professor made him like some firstie wasn’t gonna work, “Look, I’ll even put my wand on the ground, no tricks. You can trust me,” He heard a scoff as he carefully placed his wand on the ground. He took a few steps back from it and smiled as Snape came out from behind a tree with his wand pointed at him and a basket in his arm. He looked like the girl from the muggle story about the wolf. Little Red Robe or something.

“What do you want Black?” Snape asked, onyx eyes not moving from his form.

“I already told you, I wanna talk.” The raised eyebrow told him to elaborate, “Just, you know, be civil. I can help you get your ingredients too.”

“Civil?” The Slytherin scoffed, “When have you ever been civil? You tried to get me killed last night!”

“In my defence,” he started looking away in guilt, “I don’t really have one. I thought it’d be funny to give you a scare until I realised that Moony could hurt you. He just hadn’t tried to hurt us in years and I kinda just forgot he was dangerous. It was dumb. I’m sorry,” Sirius never thought he’d see that day he apologised to Snape of all people but the only reason he wasn’t expelled, Moony wasn’t en-route to execution, and Snape still alive was because of Moony’s big crush.

He got lucky.

Really lucky.

“You’re only saying that because you think I’ll squeal to Dumbledore. I already told Potter and Lupin that I didn’t care enough to so you can take your apology and go.” While he did understand why the future potion master wasn’t all that eager to accept the apology of his bully of about five years who just that morning tried to hex him, he still didn’t like that his sincerity was automatically denied.

“I’d be happy to leave, but I’m kinda lost. Not everyone runs around in here as much as you do,” he says looking around. He could have just transformed into Padfoot and smelled his way out but Snape didn’t need to know he could do that yet and he wasn’t going to reveal what could be a future advantage.

“Suffer,” Snape said before backing up to the trees again.

“You can hold my wand the whole time. No funny business. You know the way around here and I really rather not wander aimlessly until they send a rescue party.” If Snape denied him again then he’d transform and find his own way out. He hoped that wouldn’t be the case though.

Snape’s eyes narrowed as lines formed on his forehead in contemplation. He slowly walked forward again and picked up the wand on the ground, “Don’t lollygag, don’t provoke wildlife, and don’t eat anything you think is edible,” Snape said as he turned and walked into the woods. Sirius smiled and jogged up until he was right next to him.

“So what are we looking-”

“I said you could come, not that you can talk. I don’t want to hear your mindless chatter while I work,” Snape said increasing his stride. Again the Gryffindor was left wondering just what his friend saw in the asshole that was Severus Snape.

Walking deeper into the woods, Sirius began to look around. Sure they had Quidditch until late afternoon but sunset shouldn’t have been that soon. Looking straight up he noticed that it was not the sun that went down, but the thickening foliage that blocked out more and more light.

Hearing a noise, he stopped. There were many noises in the Forbidden Forest, but this one wasn’t like the small rustles and occasional squeaks and growls they heard. It was the sound of a horse. Well, the hooves of a horse. The familiar clop was drawing closer to them.

“Keep your mouth shut if you want to live,” Snape hissed to him. Before he could disregard the Slytherin’s words and speak anyway he saw why he said them.

“And who might this be Severus?” A centaur. He knew there was a herd of them in the forest but he never thought he’d actually see one. From what he knew they hated wizards and how they “looked down” on anything not human enough with their classification system. From what he

remembered from Care of Magical Creatures, centaurs chose to identify as beast because they didn't want the same classification as vampires.

"A nuisance. He followed me and got lost. We were deep enough in that he may have stumbled upon someone else before he made it back to the castle so I brought him with me. I mean no disrespect for our space Ronan," Sirius baulked at how Snape bowed his head.

The git barely respected Dumbledore but here he was showing submission to some centaur. Before he could say anything a hand went to the back of his head and pushed it down so he bowed as well.

"I trust that he will not be back again. The elders do not take kindly to untrusted wizards in the forest. Only you and the half-giant are welcome here, and even then that oaf is on thin ice. Firenze will be happy to see you, he's tending to the," the centaur's green eyes landed on Sirius for a moment, "delicate herb you asked about. He also may have something else for you," with a small smile and a familiar twinkle in his eye, the male galloped away.

"You're friends with the centaurs? I thought pureblood supremacists don't talk to halfings and beast," Sirius knew he was supposed to be nice but he was too astounded to care.

"Please stop speaking like you know anything about me. How can I even be a pureblood supremacist if I'm a halfblood who grew up in the muggle world," Snape's words were chillier than the November air.

"You're friends with Avery and Wilkes and Malfoy and Mulciber and that psychopath Rosier. Everyone knows the wanna follow that Voldemort guy like Bellatrix did!"

"I'm also friends with your brother. And who else would I be friends with Black if not my own house? I'm already a halfblood amongst purebloods, I don't need to be a chicken in a pit of snakes as well," he responded.

"So you're not gonna be a Death Feeder?"

"It's Death Eater and what I do with my life is none of your business Black so shut up," there wasn't much bite to the command as they came up to a plot of land that had been tilled. Rows of herbs that Sirius was sure he was supposed to recognise from his potions class were planted.

Snape then did something Sirius had only seen a few times before, he smiled. He looked out at the plants and smiled. It wasn't a smirk like when they got in trouble for a prank or that fake smile he put on when jokingly told to cheer up by Rosier. It was a real smile. One so soft he felt like even him breathing too hard would make it fall from the Slytherin's face.

"Severus, my friend," a younger centaur trotted up to them. Unlike the older one from before he barely paid attention to Sirius as he walked a circle around Snape.

"Hello Firenze," Snape's smile grew wider, "How is your divination going? I'm guessing it has something to do with the surprise waiting for me?"

The centaur huffed playfully, "There you go again ruining my surprises. Can you never play along and let me actually surprise you for once. But yes I have something pertaining to that," finally Firenze's eyes ghost over Sirius. Unlike the other centaur, the icy blue eyes held some curiosity along with the typical glare of mistrust. The blond then looked at Snape for an explanation.

"He followed me in here and can't get back to the castle on his own. You'll never be seeing him again unless he's dumb enough to come back in here," Snape supplied as he crouched down and ran his fingers across the leaf of a plant.

Sirius' mouth twisted into an awkward smile as he was further scrutinised by the centaur. Sirius was not easily intimidated as he was a tall person of high social standing. The only person that had large gains on him was Hagrid but the half-giant was as scary as a tap dancing ferret.

But Firenze was big. His equine half was already substantial with well formed muscles under his blond fur. His human torso was the same, as Sirius did not miss the abs and broad shoulders on him. He could probably pick him up and throw him.

"He does not wear your colours, Severus. He's not a friend, is he?"

"As I said, he followed me here," Sirius looked up as he noticed that Snape was much further away than he thought he was. The centaur huffed again before posturing and turning to go deeper into the garden.

Not knowing what to do, Sirius stood there watching. Snape still smiled and he had to admit when watching the Slytherin not be a git, he was kinda cute. There was something awe inspiring about how he became a different person. It was so new and intimate. Like he was getting closer to the Slytherin's soul.

The Gryffindor's eyes narrowed as he watched the Firenze hand a small crystal with a blue glow to Snape. With one last word, they parted ways.

"What did he give you?" Sirius asked trying to get closer to the basket, "the blue glowing rock," he added before Snape could deny it.

"None is your business. It is for me and me alone. Now pay attention," Snape stopped short and veered around to look at him, "You need to be more careful than you ever have in your life. Do you understand me? If you fuck this up for me I will hex you into insanity if they don't kill you first," Sirius blinked in surprise.

"I didn't do anything to your centaur friends! How did you even become friends with them anyway? You-"

"I'm not talking about that. And if you come back here to find the centaurs later I will not negotiate with them for your return. Not even Dumbledore will be able to help you. Anyway just don't do anything stupid, which I know will be hard for you, but try," Snape's words were ice. The teen who picked herbs and talked to centaurs was gone and ruddy mean Snape was back. Though Sirius wanted to say something equally as griping back he couldn't formulate the words in time as Snape turned to leave.

"Hey wait up!" Sirius ran until he caught up with him. The basket on his arm was now free of the glowing blue crystal. It was probably in his robes. As they walked in the forest the sun began to set leading to Snape taking out his wand and transfiguring a stick into a torch.

"Make yourself useful," he said handing it off to Sirius. It was creepier being in the forest at night and Sirius knew by now that James was getting worried about him. It was almost dinner time.

They came to a clearing, one that Sirius stopped at the edge of before entering. It was obviously enchanted as, despite the rest of the forest being illuminated by moonlight, it glowed like the midday sun was overhead. The ground went from the regular leaves and dirt to a large patch of healthy green grass despite it being November. Before he could ask Snape what was going on he saw that the Slytherin had put down his basket and taken off his robe. He brought out his wand and tapped a small figure in his hand making it grow. In his hand now was another basket full of apples and carrots.

Slowly, Snape walked into the centre of the clearing and waited. Sirius wanted to follow him or even yell but before he could do anything, it wasn't like he was going to think about his actions and weigh them against each other before randomly choosing one or both, he saw it. Everyone knew of them, has seen drawings and heard descriptions. Even muggleborns and muggles knew of them without knowing the existence of magic.

Snape was being approached by a unicorn.

Sirius's breath hitched as the white coated equine looked at him. It's glittering white mane splayed over its back. It took a few thundering steps towards the Gryffindor making him stumble back and fall to the ground. From his place on the forest floor, the looming beast was massive with its golden hooves ready to end the perceived threat. He must have been the stallion of the herd.

Snape made a soft clicking sound, getting the stallion's attention before holding out a carrot to him. With a flare of the nostrils, the stallion trotted back to Snape and accepted the offering. Snape's hand then touched the stallion, moving up into muzzle, between the eyes and to the horn. Then he snapped it off.

Sirius gasped waiting to see Snape get kicked or bitten for what he did but instead, all he got was two sets of eyes looking at him warily.

"Unicorns moult their horns from November to December Black. Did you really think I would forcefully rip out a unicorn's horn?" Sirius didn't answer that which told Snape all he needed to know.

A loud whiny cane from the forest as a few mares and foals came to the clearing as well. They stopped waiting for their leader to decide he was done with Snape and walk away. When he did, the bolder colts were the first to rush the Slytherin nudging him for treats. Their gold and silver bodies ran around him trying to get his attention. For the second time that evening, Sirius saw, or in this case, heard, Snape do something he'd almost never seen. He laughed.

No, not laughed. He giggled. He'd heard Snape's rumbling chuckle under his breath that sometimes turned into lighter mocking laughter, but he'd never heard him giggle. It was light and airy but still deep enough to not be mistaken for a girl. It was weird.

He watched Snape give away treats and pet the foals before moving on to feeding the mares and taking their horns as well. Maybe this was why despite his dark appearance (that wasn't quite that dark anymore), Snape excelled at Care of Magical Creatures.

"Let's go, Black, dinner will be in half an hour and you smell."

Sirius would retort back but Snape smelled like herbs, apples, and unicorn essence. He smelled good as fuck.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it! Leave a comment and a kudos <3

Making Friends

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Peter thought of himself as a good friend. He knew he wasn't good looking like Padfoot or good at sports like Prongs or even really that smart like Moony. But he was there for his friends, even when he was scared shitless by the prospect of getting in a bunch of trouble or being eaten by a werewolf.

So naturally, when Moony said he had a crush on Sniv-Snape. He was torn. It was no question that Remus was the nicest to him and always made sure he was included where James and Sirius would sometimes forget about him in the rush of being popular.

But then Remus said he liked Snape. They weren't supposed to like Snape.

And then James was okay with it. Which again was unnatural.

It would've been unfair of him to go to their side especially since Pads would be left alone. Plus, they were the ones acting weird anyway. But then Remus explained himself and Sirius accepted it. And if he was being honest, the only reason he didn't like Snape was because Prongs and Padfoot didn't. He barely talked to him despite always being there to support his friends' pranks.

So when they suggested that they should all try and be friends with Snape, well he had to try too.

"Hello, um, Snape," Peter squeaked out. The library wasn't a place where he would usually, or ever, be found. This was for someone like Remus who liked to study and read and learn. Not him who was more than content with just barely passing his OWLS.

Pitch black eyes glared at him over the top of a thick book. If he was any more of a coward, maybe a first year again, he would've turned tail and ran. Snape's glares had gone from mean pouts to something downright terrifying in the last few years and if he wasn't often on the receiving end of them, he would wet his pants at the sight.

"What," it was one word said with so much contempt and he wasn't even the one who directly picked on him.

"What are you reading?" Whatever plans he had for an intellectual conversation flew out the window after he opened his mouth to greet the Slytherin but that didn't mean he wasn't going to try.

"Can't you read or are you dumber than I thought?" Snape's words, like always, were knives to his small amount of self-esteem. Sure he didn't like to study but that didn't mean he liked being called dumb. Not everyone could barely study and somehow pull O's and E's out of their asses like James and Sirius.

Looking on the book he noticed it was about magical diseases. He never thought of Snape as the healer type, especially since he'd always been one to send the hexes that sent you to a healer. But Snape was good at potions and Moony said he could create spells so who knows.

"Oh, um are you-"

"Cut to the chase Pettigrew," Snape spat out his name like it was a bad bite of fruit, "What do you want?"

“So what you’re telling me is you wussed out and ran?” Sirius asked looking down at Peter.

“He’s scary! I don’t know what you saw with all that unicorn stuff but he’s still scary!” Peter would not be called a wuss for running from Snape and he let them know it.

Remus sighed, not everyone could survive with those dark pools Snape had for eyes staring into the pits of their soul.

“I still don’t believe that. Snape of all people is cool with centaurs and unicorns? What is he, a fairy? No pun intended,” James added quickly as Remus gave him a dry look.

“It’s okay Wormy. The first time I tried to talk to him, he asked me if I could afford to be away from the two arses I was supposed to be kissing. He just takes some getting used to. If you show him you aren’t a threat and don’t act afraid, he’ll warm up to you.” Remus supplied with a wryly smile. He knew that his friends were still projecting the Snape they created onto the Snape he knew.

Where they saw scathing remarks from cruel wit that left verbal scars on the psyche, he saw a gifted mind that could pull words together so eloquently even if they were used to call him some kind of rude name that he’d need a dictionary to figure out.

Besides, they didn’t know the *real* real Severus that he saw when even Severus thought no one was around.

One day while he was not stalking Severus (he was stalking him very much so with the map and everything) he had seen him come across someone’s wandering cat and give it some chicken he’d snuck from the hall and play with it for almost an hour. It was no secret he loved animals to anyone who ever truly watched him interact with one, even if he tried to put on some uncaring facade.

“I have an idea,” Sirius said with his usual smirk. His eyes were sparkling; not with malintent, but something just as bad. Remus closed his eyes and sighed knowing there was only one way this would end up being a dumb idea, “I’m gonna go to him as Padfoot. He likes animals right so I’ll befriend him while being a dog!”

“So you’re going to become his animal companion and then reveal you’ve been a human, that he hates by the way, all along? That sounds like a recipe for disaster. He’ll probably feel more betrayed than anything else,” Remus said, shaking his head. He just said they needed to gain Severus’ trust and here Sirius was suggesting he pretends to be an animal to get closer to him.

“He seems like the type to talk to animals. It would be a good way to find out stuff about him!”

“Sirius no. He’d kill you if he knew he told you anything about him while he thought you were just a dog,” Remus said, shaking his head. It was quite obvious that Sirius didn’t always think things through when he had an idea, but he never knew it was this bad. Then again, it was his crackpot idea of scaring Snape with a werewolf that got them into this.

“Fine,” The brunet relented with a pout before his face gained a new, brighter look, “We can still get him a pet though! Hagrid probably knows where we can get something cool for cheap. He’s a Slytherin right maybe we can get him a runespoor or something!”

“We are not buying Severus a quad X rated beast or any pet for that matter!” Remus yelled throwing his hands up in frustration. Though he did rather like the idea of Snape with animals and in the part of his mind that he hated, he loathed Sirius for getting to see *his* crush interact with bloody unicorns, he knew getting Snape a pet would probably end in a huge mess.

“Pads is on to something though,” James added, “You should think of getting him a gift. Maybe a cake that says ‘Sorry my friend sent you to what could have been your death’,” James’ comment was met with two glares and a weary look, “Too soon?”

“What does Snape even like?” Peter asked opening the parcel he got from his mom. Like every time it was filled with his favourite sweets.

“Apart from Potions, Dark Arts, and Evans, he looks like he hates everything,” Sirius quipped as he stole a few of Peter’s biscuits.

Remus smiled, “He actually has a big sweet tooth.” Snape had a habit of chewing muggle bubble gum when he was studying. He said it was a memory trick; chewing while studying and then chewing the same flavour during the exam would help him remember what he revised. But Remus knew better than to believe that spell inventor, potions extraordinaire Severus Snape needed a chewing gum memory trick to get straight O’s on his OWLs.

“Snape likes sweets? Is everything we know about him wrong? Next, you’ll be telling us we’re all actually colourblind and he’s been in Hufflepuff this whole time,” James said with a scandalised look on his face. Remus rolled his eyes. If they spent as much time getting to know him all these years instead of bullying him then they’d know that he’s only a “greasy git” out of defence.

“So I guess it’s your turn Prongs, he probably hates you the most now, so maybe you should be the one to get him something,” Sirius said. James let out a “hey” and the other two looked at him oddly, “We bonded in the forest and he helped me get back to the castle so he obviously likes me a little bit,” Sirius reasoned rolling his eyes at his disagreeing friends, “He grew up like a muggle right, get him some muggle things. What muggle things does he like Moony?”

Remus paused, of all the things he did know about Snape, the teen never talked much about muggle stuff. Even when their conversations strayed from academic topics he still chose to discuss wizard matters. Other than the muggle brand bubble gum he had no idea what muggle stuff Severus liked. The only person that did-

“I think we need to enlist some help.”

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Lily was a nice girl. She also had one of the fiercest tempers of anyone he knew, only being outclassed by her ex-best friend. Even after last year’s incident and the fallout between them, he knew she forgave Severus even if she didn’t completely reconcile with him.

James had made the mistake of thinking it was okay to joke about the Lake to her, assuming she’d laugh along with him at the embarrassment of the Slytherin.

He got a hex to the face.

So he knew it was very important that they tread lightly in this area. If he wanted an answer that came from her mouth and not the end of her wand, he needed to be as careful as possible.

“Hey, Evans! What kind of muggle shit is Snape into!” So bringing Sirius with him to ask was most definitely a mistake. Lily waved off her friends with a kind smile, which evaporated as she turned away from their retreating forms to glare at them. Her wand was already in her hand and Remus could tell they had a good ten seconds to explain themselves before she made teeth grow from their eyebrows or something. He gulped as she raised her wand right to Sirius’ face.

“Lily,” Remus said stepping in front of Sirius and shielding him from her wrath, “Remember the

thing I told you last year about our old mutual friend,” he let out a relieved sigh when her eyes widened in recognition and her wand lowered just a little, “The guys know about it now.”

“Remus John Lupin,” Full name territory was never good, “You really told them after what happened last year? Tell me the truth did they beat it out of you?” Sirius yelled out in objection getting an eye roll from the redhead in return.

“No, um, worse. There’s a lot for us to catch up on and-”

“Then we’ll do it now. Let’s go,” she turned on her heel and walked away expecting them to follow without even allowing an objection.

“She’s pretty but sometimes I wonder what Prongs sees in her,” Sirius muttered as they followed.

“He likes that she wants absolutely nothing to do with him whereas you enjoy when people fawn all over you,” Remus teased getting a sideways shove in response. They walked through the ancient winding corridors until they came to the familiar History of Magic classroom. No one would ever think to come in there especially after spending an entire period being bored to death by Binns. Lily took a seat and gestured for the pair to sit in the row before her.

“I want to know all of it, no hiding anything from me,” She said crossing her arms.

Remus took a deep breath. He knew he could trust Lily, she had always been kind to him and had been friends with Severus, “Okay. Well to start, I’m a werewolf.” He waited for a gasp or worse, a scream but instead all he got was a pair of slightly wider eyes.

“Oh my god, he was right. I thought he was just trying to find a reason to be suspicious of you because you’re friends with James,” Lily said biting her lip. He didn’t know if she got it from Severus or if Severus got it from her.

“Wait, do you mean Snape knew?” Sirius asked leaning in.

“During fourth year he brought it up with me. He said he’d been tracking your mood and that you always seemed worse off near the full moon. I thought he was just trying to find a reason to distance himself from you since you started sitting with him in the library.” Remus ignored the pang that he felt when he realised his crush was probably a lot more reluctant to start their tentative friendship and instead sat there shocked. He always knew Snape was observant but he never thought he was watching him of all people.

“Did you tell him you were one? I thought after last year you weren’t on speaking terms anymore...”

The two Marauders looked at each other before Sirius nodded solemnly, “I told Snape to go down to where Remus transforms-” before he could finish his statement, Lily decked him in the face.

“YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU TRIED TO KILL HIM!”

“I didn’t think it through!” Sirius yelped as he deflected another hit from the green eyed beauty. Knowing better than to try anything, the lycan just watched as the girl switched between berating, cursing, and swatting at his friend. After about a minute, Lily calmed down and like nothing ever happened and Sirius didn’t sport a bruised jaw, she asked Remus to continue.

“Well he went down there and um since I like him and Moony- the werewolf me- likes him too I didn’t hurt him. And James came and I growled at him because he tried to take Severus away,” he paused to allow Lily to chuckle, “And so now I want him to come with me during the next full

moon.”

“And that’s why we wanna know what muggle stuff he likes, cause we’re trying to get him a gift,” Sirius added rubbing his jaw and wincing as he poked a now purpling bruise.

Lily narrowed her eyes at them before speaking, “If you hurt him I will kill you.” Those words were more targeted towards Sirius than him but he Remus nodded all the same, “He’s really fond of marshmallows, Shakespeare, and he has a soft spot for messy hair but not too messy. Rugged but classy,” she said ruffling his hair a little.

“Thank you, Lily, I really appreciate it,” he said with a smile. Now all he had to do was find a way to get muggle marshmallows, memorise some Shakespeare, and find the balance between his neat hair and James’ permanent bedhead.

James felt off. Sure a lot happened in the last couple of weeks with Snape being sent to the Shack and all the things that followed but it was different. He found himself staring at Snape. A lot. Not glaring, not glowering, not trying to get his eye contact so he could do something to Lily or make a rude gesture but staring.

At first, he thought it was because of Remus. Since talking with Lily he had undergone some changes such as only using his fingers to comb through his hair and reading all the Shakespeare that the library had to offer. They also had to find a courier service that would deliver them muggle items so he could get some marshmallows. One pack of normal ones for Remus to give him and a pack of Halloween themed ones that were shaped like cauldrons and witch hats for James to give him.

But now he knew the staring had little to do with his friend’s crush. But he couldn’t help it, the more he watched the more he noticed things about Snape that he never saw before. His so-called greasy hair actually looked quite dry in the mornings only taking a real downward turn after potions. His skin was a bit healthier looking going from the yellowish tint of their first year to a pale with a subtle grey undertone. His eyes were as owlsh and dark as ever but more than in their younger years where he attempted to narrow them by always having a half-lidded look.

He also noticed that unlike before, now Snape was rarely alone. Before, if he wasn’t with Lily or in the library with Remus he was usually alone and avoiding people. Now he was approached by all members of his house with Rosier and Regulus being closest to him. Speaking of Regulus, the fifth year looked like he was pleading with Snape while the older teen ignored him.

James smiled as the owls flew in with that morning’s deliveries dropping letters and parcels before students. He watched as his own owl dropped two parcels in front of the Slytherin. One was marked with the antlers of a deer and the other with the moon. Remus had thought that Snape wouldn’t get it, or at least wouldn’t get James’ as he didn’t know they were animagi but judging from how he looked up and sought out the two of them, he must’ve figured it out.

Regulus had stopped his pleading and instead was interested in who sent Snape something. He picked up on him one of the parcels, and upon realising it was the one he sent, James frowned. Stupid Regulus not minding his business. He’d been calling the kid a lot more names these days, mainly in his head but still. The prat didn’t know when to let up, coming to all their classes so he could walk with Snape. How did he even get from the Astronomy Tower to the Transfiguration wing that fast?

He smiled when Snape snatched it away and tucked them in his bag before getting up and walking to the door. Regulus got up after him and before James thought about it, his wand was in his hand

and a hex was cast at the younger Black's feet. He smirked when he fell on his face.

"Prongs, did you do that?" Sirius whispered next to him. He didn't respond as he watched Snape stop and turn around to look incredulously at his junior. James willed the raven to just continue on his way out but he walked back to Regulus to help him up. Something James couldn't hear was said to them which caused Regulus to blush and Snape to glare at Rosier and Avery who in turn smiled back viciously.

Regulus dusted himself off, saying something that made Severus look like he'd just swallowed a nasty potion and caused an uproar at the Slytherin table. Snape grabbed him and pulled him roughly, dragging the flailing fifth year out of the Great Hall.

"Hell was that all about. Last time I'd seen those slimy snakes all riled up was when they got the old Defense Professor sacked," Sirius said, his brow furrowed as he watched his brother get dragged out of the hall.

"Dunno," James ground out before shoving more scrambled eggs into his mouth.

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"Severus," James greeted sitting across from the Slytherin. The onyx eyed teen looked up with a weary look before sighing and going back to his book.

James frowned, almost saying his name again until he spotted the familiar purple plastic of the marshmallow bag peaking at out from under the worn leather bag.

"Did you like your gift? I picked out the Halloween ones, they reminded me of you," James said again with another smile. Snape still didn't look up content with ignoring the Gryffindor's presence, "Severus. Severus. Sev. Snape. Sevv. Severus Snape. Sev-"

"You're worse than Regulus. At least he understands when someone is ignoring him," James frowned at that. He didn't want to be compared to Regulus, especially if he was worse than him, "What do you want?"

"To know if you liked the marshmallow."

"I'm eating them, aren't I?" Snape replied going back to his book. James glanced at the title and felt the same piercing heat, the kind that was so hot it was cold, that he felt whenever Snape read stuff like this.

"Why are you reading that garbage?" Dark Creatures and Dark Origins; it was called.

"Because I want to. Maybe if you actually picked up a book you'd learn the joy of reading as well," Snape replied almost robotically as he turned the page. His eyes widened at whatever he saw. Whatever he saw that was far more interesting than James.

"I do read. But I don't read stuff about the Dark Arts like you."

"You obviously can't read because this isn't about the Dark Arts. It's about Dark Creatures," Snape sighed, "Look," he said closing the book and setting it down, "Do you actually need something or are you here to bother me? I'm sure you have better things to do than waste time with ol' Snivy."

"Does Regulus like you or something?" That wasn't what James wanted to respond at all. He had many other things to say but that was the one that came out of his mouth first.

“Something,” Snape droned out before he began packing up.

“What do you mean by that? Does he like you? Do you like him?” James asked rising from his chair as the Slytherin did.

“Mind your business Potter. Isn’t that what you and your galloping gits always tell me?” He shot back pushing past the bigger teen. James caught his arm and pulled Snape back, “Let go of me you-”

James had kissed girls before. Yes, he liked Lily but he wasn’t gonna turn down every skirt that came his way, especially for something as simple as a quick snog. They were all kinda the same. Soft lips, curves to hold on to, flowery scent, small hands that went into his hair.

Kissing Snape was nothing like that.

His lips were chapped from all that biting he did and the angle was weird with his nose pressing into James’ cheek uncomfortably. The arm James held on to was as thin as a girl’s but less in a dainty way and more in a malnourished way. Snape also wasn’t kissing back. As soon as their lips touched the raven had frozen.

A sickening crack rang through the library as James was pushed back, his hand flying to his nose. Blood gushed out of his nostrils and seeped between his fingers like the weird green slime that would come out of the dungeon walls.

Bleary eyed, he looked to see a red faced Snape. Not red like when he was enraged or like when he was embarrassed. Those reds were fleshy and soft. Still human coloured. His face was unnaturally red. Like someone had hexed his head into a tomato or caused all the blood in his body to rush upward.

His hand was still in a fist, shaking in its follow through motion. His eyes were glassy like spheres of obsidian and filled to the brim like a goblet of water. He staggered back like a newborn equine before turning and bolting out of the library.

XX

James’ heart was racing. He had just washed the blood from his face and hands and looked at himself in the bathroom mirror. A purple bruise was forming on his nose but from what he could tell, it was broken. That was good. A bruise was easily explained away.

But James had bigger problems than telling a white lie to his friends.

He kissed Snape.

He *liked* Snape.

He liked his friend’s crush.

He liked *and* kissed his friend’s crush.

Fuck.

It was kind of a no brainer now that he thought about it. He probably liked Severus for a lot of the same reasons he liked Lily. He was cute even though James spent the last five years telling him he was anything but. He was undeniably smart as hell. He was also funny despite most of his jokes being insults towards him. And he wanted nothing to do with him.

James swallowed hard. Remus liked Snape. Remus was one of his best friends. He couldn't just steal his best friend's crush.

Even if he did see Severus first. And talked to him first. Remus has said nothing to him on the train ride but his name and he asked Snape all the questions.

But Remus already claimed to like him first. James groaned. At least he now knew why he hated Regulus so much.

Regulus jumped up when the common room entrance opened. After the mess that was breakfast, he'd been waiting for Snape to come back to the common room so they could talk about it.

However, instead of entering with his same brooding poise he almost fell through the door. Standing up straight, Severus looked at him before trying to hide his face.

But those few seconds were enough for Regulus to see the pain in his expression. Glaring at the few prying eyes in the room, all of which had decided that what they were doing before was much more interesting than Snape's situation, the fifth year grabbed his older friend and dragged him to his room.

"What happened?" Regulus didn't mean to sound angry but he already knew the only people who could do this to Severus were his brother and his idiotic friends. He knew they did something to Snape a few weeks ago and now they did something else. He was sick of them.

Snape shook his head while violently wiping his eyes. He whimpered just once before taking in one more shuddering breath, "Nothing happened."

"Nothing? Fucking nothing? Severus stop lying to me! You're crying on my bed, you don't get to tell me nothing happened!" In his fury, Regulus grabbed the collar of Snape's robes, "Who did this?" He hissed locking on to onyx eyes. If this were a different situation, he would have blushed at their proximity.

"Reg, it doesn't matter," Snape whispered. The timid quality of his voice made him relax his grip and sigh. It wasn't fair that just by calling him that nickname the older teen could calm him down.

"It matters to me. You matter to me. Just please, tell me who made you like this? Who made you cry?"

"Potter." Regulus usually prided himself on being more in control of his emotions than Sirius. He knew of the infamous Black temper that plagued his mother, cousin, and brother. He always told himself he was more like his father or better yet, Narcissa, and able to reign in his strong emotions.

That all went flying out the window when it involved Severus.

Marching through the corridors, Black knew his face must have been full of righteous anger as even Filch flinched as he passed him by. He had no idea where his brother and his friends would be so he marched right up to the stairs leading to Gryffindor Tower.

As opposed to what should happen, the more Regulus waited the angrier he got. Whatever Potter did made Severus cry like he had been humiliated again. Wasn't last year enough torment? He got the stupid muggleborn, he had no reason to still be bothering his Severus.

"What do you mean you walked into a bookshelf?" His anger nearly exploded as he heard his brother's voice. Turning around he spotted Potter walking with all his friends. The side of his nose

spotting a large purple mark. Perfect target.

Without thinking twice, Regulus rushed the groups of older boys and swung his fist right into the Chaser's face.

"Regulus what the fuck!" Sirius yelled pushing him back. His brother looked furious as he took his wand out, ready to duel him in the hall. The other two helped up Potter who was holding his nose, blood dripping to the floor.

"Any of you approach Severus again and I'll kill you," his voice was devoid of any emotion that he felt. The wide eyes that met his gaze almost brought a smile to his face as he knew he was taken seriously. He wouldn't actually kill any of them, but he'd definitely cast an innumerable amount of hexes on them if they didn't heed his warning.

As he stalked back to the dungeons he could hear his brother yelling something at him and the sound voice of his friend telling him to calm down.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! The Marauders Era part of the story is drawing to a close soon and then there will be a small time skip. Leave a comment and a kudos if you wanna!

The Aftermath

Chapter Notes

Long time no see, hope y'all are doing well.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I can’t believe he did that to you! He’s such an asshole! We actually start being nice to Snape and now he decides to get back at us?” James nodded along casting another cooling spell on the handkerchief that he held to his nose. On the bright side after two hits to the face, his nose wasn’t broken but it still swelled like it was.

“Sirius it’s fine,” James said cringing at his own stuffy voice. At least the blood had stopped flowing, “He likes Snape so he’s defensive about him.”

“You didn’t even do anything though! The only one of us actually talking to Snape is Moony and he didn’t punch him in the face.” The named Marauder had gone to the library to find a selection of sonnets and dragged Peter along with him so the other boy actually did some homework.

James sighed. He knew exactly why Regulus was mad at him. Snape probably ran back to the Slytherin dorms crying or something and like the overprotective sod he is, Regulus just had to be his knight in shining armour and come defend his honour or some shit.

“Hey Sirius,” James said sitting up. The shaggy haired teen stopped pacing and looked at him with both eyebrows raised, “You’re my best mate, right?”

“Yeah?”

“So can I tell you something important? Something that you can’t tell Remus or Peter?”

Getting a concerned look on his face, one that meant he thought James was either dropping out of dying, Sirius rushed to his side and sat down on the bed next to him.

“You can tell me anything Prongs. But is it really that bad that you can’t tell the others?” James groaned, running a hand through his hair. Now Sirius thought he had some disease or something.

“I’m not dying so please stop acting like I’ve got a blood curse. It’s about Snape, I made him cry.” The Gryffindor admitted. Like night and day, Sirius perked back up.

“Oh, I thought you were about to say you had to leave Hogwarts or something. And so what if Snape cried, you probably didn’t do anything that bad to deserve getting punched,” he said flippantly, “I know we’re supposed to be nice to him and all but it’s not like you threw him in the lake again, so Moony probably won’t be mad. What’d you even-”

“I kissed Snape.”

Sirius’ words died in his mouth. On reflex James pulled his arms up to guard his face, he’d be damned if he got punched again.

“I’m not gonna hit you but I fucking should! What do you mean you kissed Snape? Why the hell

would you do something like that? It's not even funny!" Oh. Sirius thought it was a joke.

James sighed, "It wasn't meant to be funny. It wasn't a prank or a joke."

"Then why would you do something--"

"I like him!" Again Sirius' mouth ran out of words, "I like him so I kissed him and he hit me."

Before James could explain himself more, Sirius jumped up and began pacing.

Shaking his head, he looked back to James, "No. You can't like Snape."

"Excuse me?"

"You can't like Snape," Sirius repeated, "Do you even like him or are you just starved for attention?" James was taken aback by the words. Him? Starved for attention? Sure, he was used to being the centre of the group and dictating their actions to get Lily's attention; but he didn't like Snape because it was Remus' turn to woo someone.

"Of course not! I'm not some spoiled brat with a new sibling. I've always liked him, I just didn't realise it first," James argued mumbling the last part of his sentence. He was the reason Remus was around Snape long enough to like him anyway. If it wasn't for him and his unrealised feelings then Remus wouldn't have developed his crush.

"Well, Remus said he liked him first so you can't. Besides, don't you have Evans? You spent how many years trying to get at her and now it's all for nothing because you think you like Snape?"

"I don't think I like him, I know I like him," James said getting up from the bed. He was the one who always sought out the Slytherin. He was the one who looked up his name on the map in the middle of the night just to see if he was still in the Astronomy Tower and he was the one who got out the cloak and went to watch him.

"You bullied him for years!"

"So did you!"

"Yeah, but I don't fancy him now do I?" Sirius pinched the bridge of his nose in an effort to keep calm. He walked up to James, trying his best to look down on his friend despite their meagre height difference, "Look, Snape is Mooney's shot at love. You," he said poking James in the chest with his finger, "Aren't going to ruin that with some last-minute play."

James gritted his teeth but nodded. Remus deserved to be happy even if it was with Snape. And James wasn't a shitty friend. Besides, if Snape rejected Remus then he would be fair game and James would swoop in and woo him.

"Are you going to say anything to Moony?" James asked. With how mad Sirius was with him he wouldn't put it behind him to expose his feelings to their mutual friend. Piercing eyes looked into his own for a few moments before Sirius shook his head.

"I won't say anything but stay away from Snape. I mean it James, stay away."

James Potter is an idiot. Snape knew that from the first time he met him. On the train, he was rude and arrogant and stupid. From idiot, he turned into an unyielding bully, malicious pranks, hexes, and then flashing his pants for half their year to see.

He hated James Potter. Until recently. It all started with that night in the shack, he did try to save him, and not for his friends' sake. He came down the shack yelling his name, absolutely terrified that he actually died. He stopped being an asshole for the most part too, as did the rest of the Marauders.

But that stupid kiss.

It had to be a prank. There was no other reason James Potter would kiss him if it wasn't to torment him. Even if they were pretending to be nice, it was just a set up for some big prank. Maybe they'd make him fall in love or some rot and humiliate him in front of the entire school.

Waving his wand over his parchment, Snape dried the wet ink of his essay. Next year was NEWTs and he'd be damned if he got anything less than an EE because the Marauders tried to hinder his learning this year. Snape tiptoed to the edge of the bookshelf and peaked around it. He usually sat in the divination section of the library, no one read that stuff so it was usually secluded and very quiet. It was also where Potter did that accursed act and where he would expect him to be again. So today he sat in the only place more secluded, the magical language section. No one, absolutely no one would be looking up a book in Gobbledegook or a reference manual for Fae'len.

The coast was clear, only a couple of Ravenclaws he'd never met were around the corner, noses shoved into books like his own usually was. It would take him twenty seconds to make it to Madam Pince and check out his book. From there it would take five minutes to make it to the Slytherin dorms. It was lunchtime now so while there was a chance he could run into someone in the halls, it was unlikely. If he was able to-

"Hello, Severus."

It took every ounce of willpower, harvested from Salazar Slytherin himself to not yelp in terror. His jaw was painfully tight as his heart jumped up into his throat. All of that planning for nought because Remus fucking Lupin managed to materialise behind him.

"What do you want Lupin?" he spat. The werewolf had the audacity to look taken aback by his acidic tone like he didn't know what happened yesterday. The four of them probably laughed all night long at how poor Snivvy cried after being kissed.

"Are you okay? You look rather pale," the prefect asked, his large hand gently reached out. If he was more unhinged, Snape would've hissed like a cat, maybe even bitten him like a rabid mutt. That would surely send his message for them to piss off and leave him the hell alone.

"I'm always pale or have you only decided to notice me after I found out your little secret?" Good, now they were both paler than the parchment in his bag, "Piss off Lupin. And don't buy me any more garbage." The balled up plastic in his bag taunted him; yes those marshmallows were delicious enough to power a patronus with their memory, but he didn't need them thinking they were going to buy his silence with cauldron shaped sugar snacks.

"Sev- Snape," Lupin started pensively, "What Sirius did was wrong. You should've never been told about the Shack-"

"Well obviously! He-" A gentle hand on his cheek stopped him from continuing. Lupin's hands were large for his stature, like a puppy of a large dog breed. Warm with boyish roughness, they caressed his cheek gently before moving to cup his jaw.

His head was tilted upward, and for the first time, he met Lupin eye to eye. Lily had nice eyes, her shade of green was bright as polished emeralds and gleamed when she smiled. But Lupin's eyes-

They were much softer green, befitting his personality. In the warm library light, flecks of gold shimmered hypnotically in those jade pools. Snapping out of his trance, Snape noticed the distance between them had shortened to where a breath could be shared between their lips. Lips that Lupin's eyes were looking-

"Stay away from me!" He growled, shoving the taller boy away. Without waiting to hear a response, he rushed to the front desk to check out his book. Madam Pince was one of the only faculty members, along with Filch, to dislike the Marauders, even Lupin. Not only were they loud, disruptive, and (three of four anyway) did not care for books; their first major prank involved flooding the library. That always ensured that the library was safe for him as long as he stayed in the librarian's line of sight.

After he checked his book out, a reference guide for magical plants, he booked it to the dungeons.

XX

"Did you see Potter?"

"I wonder what happened?"

"Do you think it was Snape, I never knew him to be physical!"

Severus Snape was the subject of rumours before, a lot of rumours. In his first year, he was half-troll, a vampire in his second, a dark arts fanatic in third, the son of that Voldemort guy in his fourth, and a marked Death Eater by his fifth. At least all those other rumours had no actual proof, well except the dark arts one. But really, they thought his father was somehow the Dark Lord Voldemort? Wouldn't he be dressed nicer or at least treated better by his housemates if that was the case?

This year, however, the rumour was aided by the big honking bruise on Potter's face. Gryffindors sneered, Hufflepuffs cowered, Ravenclaws (though one would think they were "too intelligent" to engage in gossip) turned up their noses at his supposed act of violence. One would think Slytherins would at least be happy he did something, but no. While some, namely Rosier thought it was about time, a lot of them thought he was taking care of his issue like a muggle. Evidence of his "poor breeding" they said. Even the professors gave him wary looks.

"The one time I do nothing, everyone is sure as shit it's me," he grumbled stabbing into his dinner. To make a bad day worse tonight's main dish was salmon. He hated salmon.

"Sorry, I was pissed. But maybe they'll leave you alone now that they know you have someone in your corner," Regulus said with a smile. In another world he'd really be a perfect guy, he was well off, well mannered, good looking. And of all people he liked him, Severus Snape, a no name halfblood with a muggle father. But they would never work out, particularly for the last reason.

Walburga Black would be dead and rolling in her casket before letting her "good" son associate with him more than he already did. Regulus probably had choices laid out for him anyway. His pick of perfect pureblood daughters to marry and produce the next generation of purebloods with.

Besides, Regulus still looked too much like Sirius and that was enough to ruin any fantasy he could entertain about them.

"There's a Hogsmeade weekend right before winter holiday, do you want to go together? Not like a date or anything, just as friends. Because we're friends and friends can go to Hogsmeade together and get butterbeer. Or tea. But that means going to Madam Puddifoot's and that's more of a date

place and like I said it's not a date it's just-"

Severus allowed the rambling to fade into the background as he contemplated his next move. Obviously, with what happened with Lupin, the Marauders would change tactics. They'd need to split up if they wanted to target him while distracting Regulus as well. Logically that would split them in teams of two, Lupin and Potter to him and Black and Pettigrew to Regulus. Sirius would have no qualms fighting his brother, he's a brute, and Pettigrew would be there for "back up". Potter would try and hex him but as long as he was ready for the disarming charm he would have a fair chance at a fight. Lupin was a wild card, the coward never tried to cast a spell on him, especially not that he was a prefect. But any professor would believe his version of events.

"Oh sure Regulus," Snape answered the question absentmindedly as he brought his goblet to his lips. Why did they always drink pumpkin juice in this place? It's not even that good. Would it kill wizards to drink copious amounts of literally anything else?

"Really? You'll come home with me for winter holiday?"

So this was it huh? Death by pumpkin juice. Severus Tobias Snape, just sixteen years of age. Dead by choking to death on pumpkin juice in the Hogwarts Great Hall. What a way to go, so befitting of a child of Slytherin house.

A large hand came down on his back rather harshly, "Merlin Snape. You just accepted an invitation, a bit rude to die on your host after," Rosier laughed as he brought his hand down again. Maybe he was the half troll, those slaps were hard enough to leave hand shaped bruises.

"You can stop hitting me now," Snape coughed out, smacking his hand away, "I'm sorry Regulus but what did I just agree to?"

With a roll of his eyes, Regulus spoke, "During the summer we had family over for tea, Narcissa and her parents. We talked about," Regulus leaned in and whispered, "Andromeda and her less than tasteful marriage." Snape didn't need to see the look on Regulus' face to know that it was a less than pleasant topic. A pureblood daughter from a pureblood fanatic family eloping with a muggleborn. That conversation was more toxic than an abandoned nuclear waste site.

"That got us on the topic and my dad brought up the disappearance of Eileen Prince. Apparently, your mum was supposed to marry my uncle, Alphard." Snape's nose scrunched up at that. His mum, married to a Black? There was a possibility that he would have been a cousin to the stain on humanity that is Sirius Black? Gross.

"So you told them about me?"

"No, Narcissa did. When my mother said she wondered about what happened to her, Narcissa told her mum married a muggle and produced a very talented son. She mentioned your friendship with Lucius and that you're the smartest student in the school and interested in dark arts."

"So they wanted to meet me after that?" That didn't make any sense. Him being smart and liking dark arts didn't erase the fact that he was the son of a disgraced pureblood and a muggle. Even if it did he was poor where the Black family was one of the wealthiest in Britain.

"Not at first. Mother berated Sirius for not being as good as you and admonished the rest of us for associating with an ill-bred halfblood. Father didn't say anything other than it was good you were making something of yourself instead of being a waste to society." That sure made him feel better about himself.

“How does this lead to them wanting me to come over to your house for holiday?”

“Well, you know how Narcissa and Lucius are engaged,” Snape nodded, “He came to pick Narcissa up for dinner and ended up having a private conversation with mother and father. After everyone left and Sirius went to his room they asked me to invite you over for winter holiday. Mother even smiled when talking about you.” Damn Lucius and his inability to not parade his little halfblood wonder around. If Snape knew impressing his then sixth year prefect with his knowledge would end with him being invited into the den of his enemy he would’ve pressed the hat to put him in Ravenclaw.

“Regulus, as much as an opportunity this would be, I don’t think I should come home with you.” Him, in a home of pureblood supremacists and Sirius Black? To put the cherry on top that bitch Bellatrix could come over for Yule supper and it’d really be a show. She was still holding a grudge for him hexing her heel to snap the night of the seventh year Yule Ball.

“Just think about it, okay? You still have two weeks to change your mind. I’d really like it if you came,” he said, grasping Snape’s hand in his. A hand so soft and even toned, with a perfectly manicured thumb that stroked the back of his own calloused, potion stained hand with yellowed, bitten fingernails.

“I promise to think about it. In the meantime, we can go to Hogsmeade together.”

“James,” Remus called out. He didn’t want to do this but today’s conversation with Severus, if he could call it that, meant something was up.

“What’s up Moony?” James asked. His bruise had gotten much better throughout the day, going from a deep purple to a dingy yellowish colour. It still stuck out amongst his skin and marred half his nose but at least he didn’t look like his face was turning into a grape.

“What happened between you and Severus yesterday? I thought it was getting better but now Regulus is threatening us and he won’t talk to me. I know it’s hard for you to change your behaviour so quickly but what did you even do to make Regulus come after you like that?” If he could apologise then Snape would let him close again. The next full moon was during break and if he wanted Snape to go with him instead of staying tucked away in the dungeons he needed to get back in his good graces fast.

“Oh well um,” Remus frowned as James looked away from him, “I might’ve brought up his parents. Not in a bad way!” James hurried to finish, “I just asked about them. Ya know making conversation and stuff. I didn’t know it’d be a sore spot for him. I didn’t think I’d muck the whole thing up, I’m really sorry.”

The prefect could do nothing but sigh. It wasn’t super obvious during most of the year, but Snape didn’t have the best home life. Their fervent dislike blinded his friends from the more obvious signs of abuse Snape suffered which made their grand debut on the train ride back after each summer. He would carry himself in a way that wouldn’t agitate bruised ribs, a stance Remus was quite familiar with, and his face was noticeably gaunt. Third year he came back with a limp and still his friends pranked Snape the next day. Remus made sure to carry all the heavy tomes Snape tried to bury himself in for the next two weeks because of it.

“Yeah, that was a no go for sure. I’m sure he’ll forgive you in time. It’s Regulus I’m more worried about.” Sirius’ brother was the worst thing to happen to Remus’ love life.

Potential love life.

As soon as he entered Hogwarts he stuck to Snape's side as often as he could. It was cute, watching him scamper after Snape and ask him all kinds of questions. Even the nickname the other Slytherins saddles Snape with was adorable. Regulus' mummy. It was cute, really cute until the younger boy called him a filthy Gryffindor and told him to find a different table to sit at despite having a project to complete with Snape. It got even less cute when the nickname changed from Regulus' mummy to his wife.

"He's overprotective for sure," James muttered, "But I'm sure you can smooth things out with Snape before the full moon. He always stays for break so it'll just be the two of you here. He'll be more comfortable that way and you can use all your charms on him," James said, giving him a flirty wink.

"Speaking of charms, how are things going with Lily? I think she'll be more open to you since we're making peace with Snape."

James rubbed the back of his, eyes shifting away, "Eh. Since she helped us out with the marshmallows and almost flayed Padfoot alive for the Shack I thought it'd be best if I gave her space. Ya know, some time to miss me. Didn't that Shardspear guy say absence makes the heart grow fonder or something?"

"Shakespeare, James. And I don't think he said that, but good quote."

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"You alright Moony?" Peter's voice came from behind him.

He wasn't alright.

He wasn't fine.

He wasn't even the tiniest bit okay.

Because Regulus Arcturus Black made it his mission to never let Snape get a single moment alone. Any time he spotted the already incredibly elusive snake, the fifth year was behind him like a damn shadow. Didn't he have OWLs to study for? How the hell was he planning on passing if he did nothing but follow Snape around all day?

As soon as class was over, there he was in a flurry of black and green to escort Snape to his next class. Like he fucking needed it anymore. Maybe a year ago when Sirius would try and hex him in the halls and James would yell out insults he needed a bodyguard but now it was just insulting.

With the exception of James' blunder, the Marauders had been perfect little angels where Snape was concerned. No hexes, no insults, no pranks, nothing! Yet for the first time in four years, Regulus Black wants to play the faithful knight. It's bullshit.

"I'm fine Peter. Just stressed about potions." It was one of his harder NEWTs courses, one he was surprised Peter got into with them. Either Slughorn had low standards or Wormtail was smarter than he acted.

"Well if it helps, I saw Snape going to the library alone. Sirius' brother is still at quidditch, I think." Poor Peter had to jump back to avoid getting slammed in the chin by his friend's head.

"Quidditch!" How could he have forgotten! Regulus was the Slytherin's seeker and had quidditch

practice. Throwing on his shoes and grabbing his wand, Remus raced out of the tower. If he hurried, he would get at least a few minutes alone before Snape was whisked away behind the secret wall of Slytherin house.

Ignoring the burn of his lungs and throb in his legs Remus pushed on. He had to make it to the library in time. If he just talked to Snape everything would be better. He'd tell Regulus to back off, he'd stay with him during the full moon, he'd kiss-

"Hey watch it!" Morgana's saggy tit.

"Oh looky here, a little lion out caught out of his den," Rosier sneered, brushing himself off. Of all the people to bump into, literally, it had to be him.

"Well, are you gonna apologise or keep gawking at him like a stunned house elf Lupin?" Avery asked from behind him. Of course, he wasn't alone. Snape seemed to be the only Slytherin that didn't travel in a pack. Even Malfoy ran at least three deep at all times. For a house of self-servicing arses, they stick together more often than Hufflepuffs.

"Excuse me." As he tried to go around, Mulciber stepped out in front of him.

"Now, now, Lupin. What's the rush? Got a date to get to?" He asked mockingly. Brown eyes widened before a sick smirk came over his face, "On your way to the library aren't ya? Gonna jump Snape's bones while his husband is away?" The three of them laughed, smiling down on him with vindictive pleasure.

"Well little Regulus isn't around to defend his poor wife, so it looks like we'll have to do it for him, won't we lads?" Rosier asked, wand already in hand.

"Or you can come to the library and study for potions like you said you would. I can't help you during the exam, you know." Like a guardian angel, Snape appeared. Only instead of carrying a protective zeal, he looked rather bored, "At least Lupin can pass on his own, something I think three purebloods should be able to do without my help."

If they were dogs, the three Slytherin's would have their ears down and tails between their legs as they began walking towards the library. Soon enough they passed Snape, who gave Lupin an appraising look.

"You don't look like you have anything wrong with you, so you truly are just a bumbling idiot. Next time watch where you're going. I won't always be around to keep you from becoming their next dark arts experiment." The Gryffindor swallowed harshly at the thought. Poor Mary was still scared to death of Mulciber and he didn't even get to do anything to her.

"Thank you, Severus."

"Whatever."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, and sorry for the hiatus. This fic will be finished no matter what though, I've never abandoned a fic and I don't plan to start now.

End Notes

If you liked it leave a kudos and/or a comment! I'd love to know how you feel about it.

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